A QUIET TRAGEDY

I always liked Livingston Cathness. In many senses he was a brilliant man and I believe a good one, though not exactly a cainted soul that dwelt unspotted from the world; but his character was wholesome, elean, almost noble. He possessed the very qualities that made him a prime favorite among men and consequently less adored by women, for a mistake in manner and a blight of circumstance denied him the instice and respect he deserved. Sometimes I heard him mention this fact. He recognized his lack of charm for the gentle sex with a little sense of mortification and often anger. Once he keenly deplored it.

"Furness," he would remark, with an attempt at light denial of regard for feminine adulation, "runs the sentimental and society end of our firm, and does it so well that I would stand no chance in emulation

Furness was his younger brother. The two men, I think, were the last of the Cathness family that originally came from Kentucky or Virginia somewhere. When mere children they lost their parents and ell heirs to a huge fortune that had dwindled away in the hands of the trustees to a very few thousands when Livingston graduated from college. With this small remnant the sturdy young fellow went into the street, made friends and money at every turn, first retrieved, then gained on his losses, sent Furness back from college to the law school, and before he reached thirty had accumulated a fortune such as men rarely gather up till three-score years have passed over their heads. It flattered him not a little, all this happy success with the world. In the strength of a youthful and forgivable arrogance he often hinted at an ability to conquer and acquire whatever he might desire, was full of amiable patronage toward his elders and often his betters, announced and held convictions with almost impudent positivism, and unconsciously rectified each aggressiveness by the frank generosity and admirable honesty of his nature. From the first we had been good friends. He helped me over many a tight place, liked me, hectored me, lectured me and confided in me somewhat more than in his other masculine chums, I fancy.

To me be told of his admiration for, and faith in, his brother Furness, who in appearance was totally unlike Livingston. Where Cathness was of medium height, stoutly built, keen eyed and somewhat sternly marked about laws and brows, Furness was cast in a more refined and perfected physical mold. His tall, muscular figure men silently envied and women openly admired; his limpid eyes were half pathetically drooped at the ends, while in smiling his mouth, weakly gentle in line. curled up at the corners. I never wondered at Furness's success with women. He possessed a delightful and thoroughly superficial versatility of mind that gave him name and popularity in drawing - rooms, but failed utterly at the profession in which his brother ardently hoped he would one day prove an honor to their name and rearing. The fact that he didn't and never would was patent enough, but Livingston could not see nor believe it. Though only four years older, he thought and acted for Furness, admired and forgave him, much after the fashion of a doting father with a beloved and erring son. He actually paid a prominent firm to hold the boy in their employ, while he attempted to gently urge the good-natured, lazy young fellow from idleness to labor. Meanwhile on the broth-er were lavished sufficient funds to carry him handsomely through his social duties; and even innumerable and foolish extravgances were indulged in. In these last Livingston felt an enormous and illconcealed satisfaction. Native generosity and innocent pride in his good fortune impelled him to entertain lavishly and so requently that, though never as openly acknowledged a favorite as the younger man, he was affectionately regarded by heedful mothers. Strangely enough, however, he ardently longed for the facile powers of fascination wielded by Furness. He evidently wished women, for whom he entertained no smallest sentiment, to yield him unsolicited the flattery of admiration.

"Fall in love, my dear fellow." Furness would laughingly urge. "It's the only way to conquer," he exclaimed one night, as we sat in their rooms late after a ball.
"This stony-hearted fellow here swears,
with bland condescension, that he adores
the sex. Now, that's the indiscreetest possible thing to say to a weman; so are broad and frequent pretty speeches. They think, and rightly enough, 'My lord, thou dost protest too much for even transient sincerity in this matter.' They want less cheap talk, more thrilling glances and opportune little attentions, that show them how closely you have studied their needs, observed their preferences and thought of them often. A queer lot, after all."

The speaker flung his head back in a cloud of curling smoke-rings, and laughed.
"Livy's too honest by half. Thinks it's
wrong to flirt, and cruel to trifle," he continued, still puffing out smoke from between his curved, red lips. "Now, here is an in-stance of my methods. Did you two fel-lows observe a certain Miss Eleanor Adams at the dance this evening? A girl in white, with rather pretty eyes? Well, she is new here, I think. Is with Mrs. Dallas, her aunt, for the winter. I feel that I am to have a desperate flirtation with her. By the way, Livy, you and Miss Adams danced together an outrageous number of times tonight. Seem to be great friends, you two." | will keep, and Furness can play 1 thought at the time 'twas an absurd two. Come, there is the launch." suspicion on my part, but the usually com-posed Livingston grew a bit red under the shaded lamp's light and got up quickly at

his brother's bantering question. "Don't be a fool, Furness, with your twaddle about flirtation," he answered, impatiently; "you'd much better discuss your plans here and make some choice. Morley wants a decision at once about the interior arrangement of the 'Aurora.' "One of my interior arrangements will be

large parties, earefully selected, to fill up days on the Aurora when the spring races are run and cruisers are in season," yawned

"She will be the finest thing of her class afloat," explained the owner of this prospective pleasure boat. "I like the name Aurora, it's of my own choosing. I don't know a spar from a deck plank, but urness is a good sailor, and I've secured a irst-class master. I'm keeping all this on the dead quiet from the fellows down town and in the club, till she is well on her way to launching, then we will entertain exlusively on our own ship. Already a lozen cruises are planned for the summer; and I hope you will see very often the kind of craft I can run, old man," he fin-

shed cordially. With his usual enthusiasm in such matters, Livingston talked yacht and studied yacht. He wished to understand the handing of his handsome property, and many a trip we made to the yards; to watch her building, admire her proportions, and plan for long journeys, in which I was always

As that particular winter waxed and waned from Christmas to spring, I now and then imagined I saw a change come over my friend. He permitted his business, for a time, to fly somewhat at odd ends, and plunged with unusual vigor into social gayeties. As frequently as I met Furness drinking tea at afternoon "at homes" and dancing with the freshest debutantes, I encountered Cathness, who, unlike his brother, seemed scarcely following the silly round of fun for mere personal delectation. In fact, he appeared to be distinetly tired and bored-stood about a good deal at dances, lost much of his genial, half boisterous joviality of manner, all of which I was at a loss to explain till my instincts and my memory sought out Miss

Eleanor Adams of the nice eyes. Standing that night, talking to the youngsters, I could see Furness walking with Miss Adams. Though he could not see her face, I knew that he knew 'twas smiling and flushing with the pleasure of his pretty flatteries. I almost laughed, watching the idle boy, trifling away his sime at the profitless little game of hearts. tion," as he aptly defined such occupations, till my glance traveled slowly down the room to where I recognized Livingston Cathness. He was leaning in a doorway gazing at Miss Adams and his brother, with an expression that startled me. There is no mistaking that light in a man's eyes; holds a vastly different note of meaning from one of calm admiration. All the keen clearness of his glance was for the moment dimmed by an unspeakable, passionate

yearning and envy. More excited over this revelation than I chose to confess, my heart beat footishly and I suffered a guilty sensation, as though reading over his shoulder or harkening at of irrational anger shot through me

ceased, and when I looked for Cathness the doorway where he had been standing was empty. The next afternoon I passed him driving his handsome turnout on a deserted stretch of the Riverside road. He did not see me though-was bending forward, smiling into Miss Adams's lovely face, a world of anxious pleading in his eyes, while she gazed steadily and half impatiently on a band of bright western clouds across the

went with my friend and a party to lunch aboard her. "Furness not to be one of us, and no women yet?" Fairhurst queried, as we stepped into the jaunty launch that was to carry us across the bay to where the yacht

The day they pronounced her complete

rode at anchor. "Furness has, as we might say, gone before. He escorted Mrs. Dallas, her niece and a party of girls on board an hour ago," Cathness answered, with an effort at easy raillery. All his frank good nature of manner had strangely deserted him during the weeks following my glimpse on the drive-way. I indulged freely in conjecture, but dared go no further. In his office, where we met daily, I found him more deeply immersed in business than for many months before, and, as I could see, he held himself much aloof from society affairs. As for Furness, he evidently took little heed of his brother's emotions or manners; and during that memorable day on the Aurora I judged that, outside of the parties immediately interested. I was the only one who observed the little tragedy

played out between noon and evening.
When Cathness drew the launch up alongside the Aurora's shining steps, we found Furness bending over the polished brass rail, chatting gaily with a tall, blonde young woman in rather an exaggeratedly fancy yachting-gown. She was introduced to us as Miss Greenleaf, the only daughter of a bank president. Furness took occa-

sion to tell me later, also, that he had already made up his mind to go in and win.
"You see, my dear boy," he explained, "I've no earthly gift for business, though Livy won't believe it, but I've a marked talent for this sort of thing," glancing quickly in Miss Greenleaf's direction. "Why should I waste my time pegging at law, when here's success at my hand and a pretty woman too. "Where does Miss Adams come in?" I

questioned, eyeing him sharply.

"Dear me, Dotty," he protested, with a slight gesture of impatience, "you do take one entirely too seriously. Miss Adams is far too nice a girl to be thrown away on me. By the way," he went on suddenly, changing his tone and catching my arm, so as to whirl me face about to the group gathered at the opposite end of the long, white deck, "She is the very girl for Livy. I never thought of that before, but they make rather a nice couple, standing there. It's time Livy was falling in love and settling down; so I shall formally sacrifice my hopes in his favor, chaperon them through a pretty courtship, give them my blessing, and then—"

"If I were you I'd be a little careful," I interrupted, warningly. "Miss Adams may not be the very transferable property you think her."

He flushed hotly, somewhat guiltily, I thought, and was about to answer, when I left him to join the subjects of our conver-sation. She seemed painfully annoyed and distrait all day, though Livingston did all in his power for her amusement and comfort. We rummaged over the superb boat, ate an elaborate luncheon in her spacious, luxurious saloon, and then drank tea from a little wicker table on deck. With much ceremony and laughter, Furness installed Miss Greenleaf behind the cups, and enrolled himself as her special attendant; sat on pillows at her feet, held the cakes and bonbons for her choosing, and finally wandered with her far out into the bow, where they sat on piles of ropes and chatted in

According to his word, he bestowed scarce a remark and a few glances on Miss Adams, whom I could not but pity from the bottom of my soul. She was kind to me with her smiles, almost ignoring the remainder of the men; yet, evidently enough, another unhappy heart closely watching her, saw that her thoughts were always with the two idlers forward. Following her aunt down the companion way a sigh of relief trembled on her lips, and, as Furness aided the women into the launch, she snatched her band angrily from his assisting grasp, poor little girl.

That amiable young man insisted we should all crowd into the tiny boat together, a proposition to which every one gladly consented, with the exception of Livingston and myself. The launch could return to us, he said; and while I waited, Cathness busied himself giving orders for the morrow, when only he and Furness would accompany the yacht down the bay and out to the Hook on our trial and imaiden trip. The day after a great race was to take place, to view which a party—Miss Adams, Miss Green-leaf and I included—had been asked aboard. The launch was not back when Cathness came up from his interview with the steward and dropped into one of the wicker chairs. He sat for some moments in silence, staring straight out across the bay, to where the city glittered with its thousand lights like a vast palace of pleasure.

"I am going abroad next week," he began, abruptly. I could not suppress an exclamation of astonishment "How about the cruises? Too bad," hurried on, "for business to interfere with

your summer's pleasures." Looking at me steadily, a fierce gleam of anger burned in his blue eyes. Something I in my voice possibly betrayed suspicions and roused all his proud shame and resentment. "Pshaw!" he broke in; "the boat will keep, and Furness can play host for

only to give the sailors some sharp orders, once more on board the yacht, though and at the bottom of the elevated railway

stairs bade me a curt good-night. At times during the following day I pondered on the state of affairs between the two men. I felt more pity for Cathness than I could have expressed, and anger against the selfish, pampered brother, who had evidently placed beyond reach the dearest desire of his life. Eleanor Adams came in, too, for a share of my resentment. So clever and so sensible a woman ought at a glance to have discriminated wisely between the men, and my impatience grew as considered that she was flinging away a wealth of honest affection-a nature like Livingston's could bestow on the woman he

would choose from among all others. Tired and hot I took the boat across to Staten island that spring afternoon and noticed scarce a breath rippled the bine bay. The white plumes of half a dozen boats stood out against the spurplish horizon sky and I judged there was no breeze to carry them outside the Hook.

A warm, peevish little rain was drizzling next morning, and on my first trip out from the office, I dropped into the big building where Livingston did business. The rooms were empty, wearing an expression of sudden desertion, and, after waiting a few moments, Mr. Jefferson, the head clerk, followed by his subordinates, came in pale, out of breath and trembling.

"What's up?" I cried. "Up, my dear sir, ghastly, a tragedy! Furness Cathness lost his life last night!" he whispered, sinking into a chair. We stared at each other like idiots for fully tive minutes, while Mr. Jefferson slowly recovered his voice.

"When I got down town this morning." he began slowly, "a man was waiting at the elevator door, with a scribbled note from Mr. Cathness, demanding me immediately at the pier. In rushing off, I caught from the sailor that something unusual had happened, and reaching the yacht found Mr. Cathness on deck, surrounded by the sailors, the coroner and undertaker's men, having his brother's body placed in a hearse. He looked like death himself, and offered no explanation, but gave orders for the office to be closed. I learned from the captain how the accident

and occurred. "The breeze that took them down in the morning failed in the afternoon, and it was nigh 11 o'clock when they worked their way around Sandy Hook light-ship and as far up as the Highlands. There they lay till 12, hoping to hail a tug that would bring them up to town, but didn't succeed. By midnight Captain Johns anchored and turned in, leaving the gentlemen on deck, and thinks it was 2 o'clock when he heard cries for help. He sprang up and found Mr. Cathness, coat and shoes off, attempting to fasten a line round his waist and drop into the water. Mr. Furness was overboard, and by the light of a dim moon the young man could be seen struggling in the water. Calling to Mr. Cathness to halt, knowing he could not swim a stroke, Captain Johns leaped over the rail to the aid of the other brother. But it was all too late, for when they lifted Mr. Furness over the side he was stone dead. Had been stunned and swept over-board by a blow from the main boom, that, slipping its elackening guy-rope, swung suddenly and struck the young man as he

Those who knew the brothers, and they

stood near the wheel."

were many, were sincerely shocked and grieved at the terrible mishap. Articles appeared in all the papers giving careful descriptions of the accident and funeral. A week later I met Cathness on the street. He was very changed and baggard, despite a hot flush in his cheeks. For some reason I could not mention his brother, or offer any expression of condolence, for which he seemed grateful, and when we parted, wrung my hand hard, saying he would be In the spring the "Aurora" was launched.

obliged to beg a favor of me shortly. Before seeing him again a note came, saying good-bye. He was off for Europe, and intrusted some bit of business to my care. Upon inquiry I found his affairs had been practically wound up, and he was away indefinitely, leaving a London banker's address. Men and women whom I metagreed the affection between the brothers was of no common order, and Cathness should be more than pitied. A half dozen girls, Miss Greenlesf among them, confided to me they were preserving some flower or note in memory of the dead man; but poor little Miss Adams carried all the bitterness of her heart in her wide, pathetic brown eyes.
Once I ventured to speak of Furness to

her, when she told me, with a gallent attempt at self-control, that she had not seen him after they parted the day before his death by the carriage on the pier. "His brother knew we were good friends," she said, huskily; "and, after the accident, I wrote to Mr. Cathness, but he took no notice of my letter, and I think it strange,

do not you! Yes, I did think it strange. I had been tortured by many doubts, and unacknowledged suspicions had crossed my mind; and

yet, poor Cathness! With the coming of summer, Miss Adams, "a little worn by too gay a season." so her aunt said in explanation of her white, unhappy face, and the whole fashionable world slipped out of town. Only at intername. He did not return in the fall or wingr, but early in the following spring I met him driving one bright morning in the park. Taking me up in his trap he spoke somewhat of his travels, and inquired after the town and people. He seemed thinner than before, the flush in his face had deepened, and his eyes were bright, but sunken, and many tiny wrinkles had crept about their lower lids. He talked at length, gravely and unsmilingly, mentioned the yacht, and when we parted 'twas with the understanding that I was to go on a cruise the first weeks in July.

"He is well on his way to consumption, if not already in a decline," Fairburst remarked when we spoke in the office of him. "His father died of it, you know. He doesn't look, however as though he cares much how matters go; never saw a man so stricken down."

I did not go on the cruise. Cathness, I knew, took a few trips alone, then suddenwent away, leaving word to the effect that the doctors had ordered him to Colorado. Meantime the yacht remained not only in commission, but in active service. Wherever I went on the water that summer there I found the noble white schooner; loafing up and down the sound and bay, she crossed our path near Block island, I saw her off Marblehead, in Desert island waters, and far down the Jersey coast. She was under the control of Captain Johns, and never, apparently, carried any pleasure passengers. So strangely ubiquitousdid she seem that yachtsmen rechristened her the phantom ship.

"Why, do you suppose Cathness allows her to be forever on duty?" Fairhurst fumed one sultry afternoon as we lay on the deck of his little sloop and eved the distant Aurora through our glasses.

"Johns is such a close-mouthed old dog I could get nothing from him, so last week made a fair bid for her, thinking 'twould be a charity to take her off her owner's hands, and in reply got a curt note of refusal. I bet she is haunted and he's afraid there might be revelations made by the ghost-ugly ones, too. Do you know, Dotty," he went on "I've had my ideas about Furness Cathness and that boom business; tremendous lurch to swing a boom of the Aurora's girth so far as to sweep a man off the deck clear into the water, more especially with another able-bodied fellow at hand provided with ropes, etc., and not able to be of any instant service."

I know a silly, half-frightened stare grew over my face, for Fairhurst punched me in the ribs and laughed, saying:

"Well, Dotty, you are an old crow to suck in all this story I'm telling you. I'm out of temper and feel a little spiteful toward Cathness, poor old boy." "A bad joke and story," I answered, an-Fairhurst's talk, idle though I knew it

was, disturbed me for a time, when I forgot it completely. On the afternoon of Labor day I sat in the hot club library, fussing, swearing and imbibing countless iced drinks in a vain effort to soothe my temper and the heat. Arrangements to pass the day out of town had at the last moment proved a failure; so in disgust I remained in the deserted club cross and headachy. At 4 o'clock I was falling into a doze, when the door opened softly behind me. Turning, prepared to hurl a volley of anathemas at some intruding servant, I jumped up to shake hands with Livingston Cathness. He had been in town all day, and after a few moments of idle talk he got up and scanned the patch of blue sky above

the hot, white, silent avenue. "There is prospect of a breeze outside," he said, nonchalantly, "so if you can't think of anything better to do, come for a trip down the bay and back. The Aurora is at the foot of Twenty-eighth street, and a sail will cool you off, if nothing more."

I followed him out into the blinding sunshine. He looked exceedingly ill, and seemed nervous, almost excited; but explained that his health was much better, On our way across to the pier he spoke ness. I confess I felt interested in being nothing had been changed since the day. nearly two years before, when we took tea on her white deck. We got ourselves into comfortable rig, and, as we halted in the saloon for something before going on deck. Cathness drank down a tumbler of champagne; it went to his head directly. He laughed and talked immoderately, pointlessly, till dinner was served, when the effects wore off, leaving him pallid and silent

during the meal. Despite my host's uncertain temper I enjoyed myself hugely. The wind at dusk caught our sails as we were floating alongside the lower quarantine island, and away we were whisked straight out to sea, heading for the distant, dancing Sandy Hook ship lights. Under the brilliant moon the water flashed out a silver pathway into the darkness looming toward the horizon. Far away to right and left of us the mainland sparkled with myriad lights, and at intervals the wind swept by, sweet with the vague, trembling reflections of music. I stood amidships, watching the bow leap high in the water, beat out the white foam with its fall, and plunge on gallantly, fear-

lessly, splendidly. Doubling the light ship 'twas not till 12 o'clock that we found our way inside the Hook, where we were forced to spend the night. Since dinner Cathness had stood at the wheel, absolutely silent, apparently indifferent to the beauty of the scene or the pleasure of it, till we rounded the Sandy Hook ship somewhere near 9 o'clock. Then he seemed more than anxious that the wind should hold sufficiently to carry us up to the Narrows and into town for the night; out by 10 the breeze had slackened, and by

half-past we were creeping.

The floating clouds that at times drifted across the moon had disappeared, and in their place a faint, white haze, like a high, hanging strata of mist, floated between us and her face till she peered down, dim and colorless, through a wide, golden halo.

My friend lost his patience utterly at the delay; he walked the deck, muttering angrily, forgetful of me and all else, except

his mad desire to get back to town. It was midnight when we drew under the lee of the land, and at once he gave orders for the launch to be lowered. "I shall go ashore at the Sandy Hook steamboat landing," he answered sharply to the captain's protest at such a fool-hardy undertaking at so late an hour, while l

looked on in blank astonishment. The men ran to fill his orders, and so overmastering was his eagerness to be gone that he fumbled with trembling fingers at the davit ropes, offering useless aid. Useless indeed, for when an effort was made to get up steam an unfortunate hitch in the machinery held the propeller tast and the launch

was hotsted into place again. Had Cathness been a woman, tears would have relieved his painful disappointment. Under the faint light I could see his lips quivering with pitiful emotion, and a gleam of almost despair shone in his eyes. The anchor was run out, the canvas made snug.

and Cathness ceased his tiresome pacing of the deck to ask where I preferred to sleep. "These cushions, blankets and pillows on the cabin trunk will answer admirably for a bed, my dear fellow," I replied, amiably, glad enough to turn in for a bit

pared for sleep. He apparently preferred the cabin, for he went below. The sailors and captain dropped into their own quarters, and in half an hour the silence soothed me into forgettuiness.

I dreamed nothing, but slept on, I know

not how long, till a consciousness of dis-

comfort, of damp chilliness disturbed me.

I woke slowly, without moving, opened my eyes, understood that the heavy blanket had slipped off to the deck below, and I lay with my face turned toward the bow of the boat, shivering in the still cold night. Not a breath of wind ruffled the air. The mist-dimmed moon hung in the zenith. shedding forth a pale, yellowish light that colored the absolutely placid water strangely. Under her wan face the yacht swung slowly, slowly, the water tapping and gurgling with mysterious whispers against hersides. The silence was deep and inexpressibly desolate. At intervals, as though borne from a long distance, came the mournful note of a steamer whistle. Once the bell-buoy touched a sudden, tiny metallic stroke that caused every

nerve to vibrate with sharp horrors.

I lay ten minutes so, cold, cramped and fearful, gazing out into the deathly, quiet, white night. Then, without warning, at the far end of the deck, full in the moonlight, a man stood erect, facing me. He was too tall and slender for either Cathness or the captain and, though I could not distinguish a feature, I could have sworn 'twas not one of the sailors. The blood sang in my ears and seemed to burn in my veins, then freeze to ice as silently he advanced, the long shadows of the ratlines glancing across his bare head. As he stepped out into the clear light a hideus animal sense of horror possessed me, for I recognized Furness Cathness, who moved noiselessly toward and then passed me.

I saw his face clearly. "Twas the peaked and discolored face of a dead man, his body was thin and rigid in its black clothing. I believe for an instant I lost conscionsness. then a loud scream rang out, a sound of scuffling feet and choked words echoed down the deck, and I, paralyzed and speechless, could not move till my name spoken

broke the spell of fear. I sat up then, to see Captain Johns sup porting Cathness in his arms, and mopping at a stream of blood gushing from his mouth. An hour later Livingston died in the

brightly lighted saloon, Captain Johns, the sailors and I standing about him. -Margaret Bisland, in the Independent,

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

One million dollars of gold com weighs 3,685 pounds of avoirdupois; of silver coin, 58,920.9 pounds.

It is estimated that at least \$50,000,000 of be in circulation has been lost or destroyed. Nine hundred and fifty submarine telegraph cables are now in operation, most of them in Europe. Their total length is over 89,000 miles.

A Delaware heifer, belonging to farmer Hess, of Abingdon, ate a flock of ten gos-lings, and liked goose-flesh so well that she tried to get more.

Two men in Clyde, Mich., have been paying taxes on the same piece of land for the past seven years. The wrong man is now trying to find out how to get his money

An East Indian prince has lately had bed made for him at a cost of \$25,000. Its mattress is a huge musical box, and its canopy is supported by automatic figures that wave fans to cool the air. When the body of E. M. Haskell was dis-

interred after twenty years' burial at Northfield, Minn., it was found that he had a beard twenty-three inches long. He was smooth-shaved when buried. On Sunday evening last a Clearfield, Pa., man dropped a \$5 gold-piece in the contribution-box at the M. E. Church at Tonesta,

but on Monday, when he discovered it, he returned and got \$4.99 in change. There is a spring in Bear valley, near Chambersburg, Pa., from the surface of which bubbles of sand and air ascend about ten inches and then burst. The spring is

ten feet in diameter. The water is pure and refreshing. A small iron safe containing about \$12,000

the bay, at San Francisco, the other day, The settings of the stones are in the sixteenth century style. A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the

nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter any one could pull his nose, cuff his ears, and spit on his boots and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile. In the town of Kallies, Pomerania, great potato country, the entire population, of between 3,000 and 4,000, shut up their houses, leave the keys with the Mayor, and

scatter all over Pomerania to the potato harvest, leaving the Mayor and bell-ringer alone in charge of the town. A most curious clock is displayed in the window of a tobacco store in Philadelphia. The frame is made from eigar boxes fitted together. The round dial is marked by a coating of smoking tobacco. Two clay pipes of different lengths serve for the hands, and the figures are made of cigar-

There is a colt on the farm of J. C. Williams, near Durant, Ind. T., that has six feet. Its hind parts and its front legs down to its ankles are like those of any other horse. From the ankles down it has two natural hoofs and pastern joints on each leg. The colt is two months old and is

growing nicely. "Hot water for cows" is the maxim of the French dairy farmers in the Department of Finisterre. They claim to have proved by water they yield one-third more milk than when they are refreshed with cold water only. The proportions are said to be half a

pail of boiling water to half a pail of cold. A manufacturer of ancient Egyptian mummies has been severely sentenced by the courts of Alexandria. He made his articles with carefully prepared asses' skins, and had a good trade. Everything went well so long as he made kings only, but when he tried the production of high priests he committed archeological errors

that led to his detection. The prane crop of southern California will be a failure this year. The recent damp weather has affected the crop so se-verely that it is all dropping from the trees. On ten acres at Pomona, from which twenty-eight tons were gathered last year there will not be over one thousand pounds this season. The same state of affairs prevails wherever prunes are grown throughout southern California.

In an old geography printed in 1812 ap pears the following: "California is a wild and almost unknown land. Throughout the year it is covered with dense fogs, as damp as unhealthful. In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of drifting snow, which sometimes shoot columns to great heights. This would seem nearly incredible were it not for the well-authenticated accounts of travelers."

There is on exhibition in Detroit a pebble, one side of which is a miniature likeness of a face bearing the imprints of sorrow. This little stone, which is about an inch long and three-quarters of an inch wide, was found on a roadway leading to the cross on the summit of Kofelspitze, a mountain overhanging the village of Ober-Ammergau, and held in reverence by the simple villagers, who consider it their guardian spirit.

Mrs. Wallace Fuller, of Edinboro, Pa. found a duck's-egg one day recently that certainly deserves mention as a remarkable monstrosity. Mrs. Fuller noticed that it was a very large one, and said to herself: "It is double-yolked." But when she opened it only one yolk appeared. On fur-ther examination the mystery was explained. There was another perfectly-formed egg inside the first. This second egg, when opened, was found to contain five perfect yolks.

The Homely, but Useful, Girl. Home Journal.

The "useful" girl is not noticeable in any way. Everybody makes use of her, and everybody likes her. She has no enemies and no lovers. Women like her very much, and men speak highly of her when she is brought to their attention in some way; but they never think about her voluntarily. They appreciate her highly when she helps them out of a corner, and thank her cordially, and then forget her until they need her again. She is not apt to marry, for men do not care for useful girls before marriage. She can sew, she can get dinner if need be, amuse children, assist in getting up entertainments for other people to participate in, and she is an excellent nurse, and reads aloud well, and sings a littleenough to rock a child asleep or to help out of rest. I always have hated stuffy yacht beds, so I rolled myself carefully under the blankets, pulled my cap well over my eyes, bade my uneasy host good-night, and pre-

READING FOR SUNDAY.

In the Morning. We shall have the flowers again In the shining after rain, Past the sorrow and the pain, In the morning.

We shall greet our friends once more, All the dear ones gone before, They will meet us on the shore, In the morning.

We shall know as we are known In the sunlight of the throne, And all heaven will be our own. In the morning.

We shall leave the sin and wrong.

We shall join the white-robed throng, We shall sing the triumph song. In the morning. Face to face shall we behold

Him whose love can ne'er be told: We shall walk the streets of gold. In the morning. So we watch, and wait, and pray,

Till the shadows flee away,

Till we see the break of day. in the morning. -Rev. Henry Burton, M. A., in Christian Advocate.

International Sunday-School Lesson for June

21, 1891. CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH-2 Kings, XXV, 1-12. GOLDEN TEXT-Come and let us return unto the Lord. (Hos., vi, 1.)

HOME READINGS. M .- Captivity of Judah 2 Kings xxv, 1-13.

2 Chron. xxxvi, 14-21.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Independent. At last the judgment came. It was long delayed, but it came. It is an old saying: "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine." The Lord is not slack concerning His threatenings any more than concerning His promises. That

was a cruel, barbarous, wicked age, in which the prisoners were thus treated, the king's son slain before his eyes, and then he bunded and carried off as prisoner. Bad as we are our age has vastly improved, and the next age will be more merciful than ours. A wicked king was God's instrument. Man's wrath praises God, does His work, at times. Compare the sons of Jacob who sold Joseph.

The victory of an evil element in society may not be as bad as it seems. It was wickedness and cruelty that destroyed Jerusalem, but it was wicked Jerusalem that deserved to be destroyed, even if there was more piety in Jerusalem than in Babylon; and its destruction was a blessing to the cause of religion. Wicked men now seldom prevail over the good, except as the good have been negligent and deserve to be beaten. This defeat will stir them up.

The destruction of Jerusalem was the end of Jewish idolatry. The people were carried captives, and there they worshiped Jehovah. The best of the captives returned to Jerusalem very much improved. In Babylon they learned to hold their religious meetings in synagogues, and studied the law, and taught their children, so that they were soundly converted from idolatry. It was a blessing in dis-

Prosperity comes to a nation, or a church, or an individual, through obedience to God's laws. On the whole, the prosperous. progressive nations are the ones which have the most religious faith, and the most righteous men are, on the average, the most successful. God's control runs through all history. He rules. His counsel shall stand, and He will do all his pleasure. Let us do His pleasure also.

Of General Interest. Miss Mary Elizabeth Mann, of Washington, D. C., has given \$80,090 toward a ca-thedral for the Protestant Episcopal Church in that city.

The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, at its recent annual session, approved worth of diamonds and other precious a proposal to revise and enlarge the pres-stones was dredged up from the bottom of ent hymnal of the church, and appointed a committee to have the matter in charge. It is stated that the most holy governing synod of Russia has issued orders to the effect that students of all religious denomi-

nations must attend lessons in the orthodox catechism, and that all industrial establishments must have an orthodox church within a distance of twenty kilometers. According to the statistics published by the French Cultus Ministry, the status of Protestantism in France is at present the following: Reformed Church, 540,000; Luther-an Church, 75,000; the United Church of

Algiers, 9,733; free Churches, 6,000; various sects, 4,000; not on the official list, 15.000. A summer convocation of Christian workers, under the auspices of the Christian alliance, is to be held at Western Springs. near Chicago, June 19-28. Among the prominent workers from abroad are Revs. A. B. Simpson, of New York; Dr. F. L. Chappell, of Boston, and John Morrow, of Pittsburg, Pa. Miss F. L. Shepard, of New York, will

have charge of the music. The recent census of Ireland shows that the Roman Catholics number 3,549,745, a decrease of 411,146 during the last decade. The number of Protestant Episcopalians is 600,830, a decrease of 38,744; of Presbyterians, 446,687, a decrease of 24,047; of Methodists, 55,232, an increase of 6,396. The decrease of population in Ireland during the decade has been nearly half a million.

A remarkable movement has been started in Madras, India, by two Mohammedans, experiments that when cows drink hot | which has for its object the preaching of the gospel of Islam and the conversion of Hindoos and, if possible, Christians to Mohammedanism. The young men who go out preaching are free from the prejudices of the old-fashioned Mohammedans, try to live true lives and claim to be at one with the Unitarians of America and England. The result is an increase in the spirit of inquiry that is abroad. The leaders adopt English as the medium of preaching Islam and acknowledge the fatherhood of God, and thus overthrow the old-fashioned prejudice against the Christian expression 'Son of God," "God's children," which many Mohammedans consider blasphemous. The famous Castle Church, at Witten-

berg, to the doors of which Luther nailed his ninety-five theses, on Oct. 31, 1517, and in which he and Melancthon are buried, is undergoing a thorough restoration. This was a tavorite project of the late Emperor Frederick III, and was begun under his auspices while still Crown Prince. His sickness and death interrupted the work. but the present Emperor has enthusiastically resumed the undertaking as a sacred inheritance from his father. The entire inside of the church is being renewed at a lavish expense, and two towers are being erected. Since 1781, the third centennial anniversary of the great reformation, iron doors, on which the theses of Luther are seen, together with other reminders of those great days, have been added to the building by the Prussian King, Wilhelm III.

Thoughts for the Day. Christ came not to be glorified and worshiped, but to minister unto and serve. His grasp was not an upward, but a downward

The only joy we have on earth is to love God and to know that God loves us. On! when I think that there are some who will die without having tasted even for an hour the happiness of loving God!-Vian-

There is nothing like prayer for producing calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition .- Rev. James Stalker.

An overeager attention to the doctrine of the spirit has made me. in some degree, overlook the medium by which the spirit works: I mean the word of truth, which is the wood by which the heavenly fire warms us. I rather expected lightning than a steady fire by means of fuel.-Fletcher, of

What is true repentance but in thought-Not e'en in inmost thought to think again The sins that made the past so pleasant to us. -Tennyson.

I have no answer for myself or thee, Bave that I learned beside my mother's knee: "All is of God that is, or is to be, And God is good." Let this suffice us still, Resting in childlike trust upon His will, Who moves to His great end, unthwarted by the

Traits of the Japanese.

ago: "To-morrow I start for Japan to be | vines and nowers in their natural hues gone probably a year, and I am as happy at the prospect as a school-boy just out of China blue, Dubarry rose, mauve, or the school. I am a cosmopolitan and have had soft creamy yellow of French porcelains.

my great successes in life here in this country, but there is no place in the world that I love as I love Japan. Several years of my life were passed there, and the climate, the people, the methods of business and the customs of social life, although in direct opposition to all our preconceived notions, became very dear to me. I can readily understand how Sir Edwin Arnold was enamored of life there. I never knew a foreigner visiting the country who did not yield to its spell. For refinement, for courtesy, for gentleness, for all that goes to make up the most agreeable relations of man to man the Japanese are the finest people in the world. They are the true gentle-men of the Oriental races. I wish that I was going to stay among them for the rest of my life instead of only a year."

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. The Knowledge Remains.

"Is it true that a graduate soon forgets

"No, sir; it is not. I can play foot-ball just as well now as when I was at Yale." Woman as a Reformer.

what he has learned at college?"-

New York Press. "I believe a woman may sometimes re-

form a man.' "You think so?" "Yes; we have no record of Cain ever doing any more harm after he got a wife."

"Bertie," said the Queen to the Prince, "you do gamble. I have proof. Here, sir,

is a poker chip I found in your pocket. "Nonsense, ma," said the Prince, "I've been playing Tiddledgwinks with Batten-berg's babies. Different Then.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "It's very hot!" complained Larimer. "I can't find a draft anywhere. 'Then 1891 is different from 1864," added Dukane.

"Then you were engaged in dodging one." It Has Divided Itself. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Shingiss - The Reformed Presbyterian Church, in expelling the young ministers. has done precisely what it condemned in the young clergymen.

Dinwiddie-How is that? Shingiss-It has pursued a divisive course.

Taking Him at His Word. "What ought I to give you!" asked the diner, as he puts his hand in his pocket for

"I leave it with you, sir," said the waiter, "Thanks: I can make good use of it." And the waiter was tipless.

Satisfactory Explanation.

New York Weekly. American Heiress-All is over between us, sir. I heard General Knowall say you Count Dollarseek-Ah, but you haf made meestake. General Knowall not say 1 no

American Herress-Oh! I am yours. Had to Be There.

count, he say I was no account.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)-Why, Mr. Harps, am surprised to see you here at the racetrack, three miles from your church, on the

The Reverend Mr. Harps (with dignity)

-You didn't suppose my voice was strong enough to reach my congregation at a distance of three miles, did you? What Was He to Do?

The Epoch. "This is very sudden, Mr. Jawsmith," said the maiden, after his proposal. "While I feel honored at your avowal, you cannot expect a favorable answer from one who knows so little of you as I." "Well, what am I to do, Miss Mildred?" pleaded Jawsmith. "None of the glrls who

do know me well will marry me." A New Cure.

New York Weekly. Mrs. Cribber-What has become of all your Cleopatra jewelry-the asps, snakes, serpents and things! Mrs. Bibber-Hush! Don't let my hus-

band hear you. I have hidden them away. "Haven't you worn them at allf" "I wore them once, and the moment my husband saw them he rushed off to a doc-

tor. The next morning he took the pledge. I shan't wear them again unless he back-

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN.

The newest combination is old rose and The newest millinery flower is the yellow

The newest shade in straw is beetle's The newest color is golden yellow shading into mauve.

The newest parasol handle is in black wood with pierced monogram in gold. The newest sleeve is wide and full at the top, but is not nearly so high as formerly. The newest hat is the flat picture shape

of black horsehair, trimmed with yellow The newest bonnet is a small jet coronet with a tiny bunch of flowers in front and a larger one behind.

The imported models for summer dresses en princesse are so transformed by their new draperies and novel adjustments as to almost lose their identity. The newest way to arrange a lace flounce is to festoon it twice across the front of the

skirt, first half-way down and then near

the edge, turning over the top in a held

and running in a ribbon. Many dress-makers are adding the flounced "dress improver," of grass cloth or moreen, to the backs of their fan-pleated dress skirts, and are finding them very successful. The all-round reed finds but little favor.

Cornflower blue is favored by fashion.

but it is not pretty, and it as trying as silver gray or sea green. It is undeniably crude and "uncomplimentary" to most people, though attemps are made to soften its admitted asperity by the introduction of soft creams, fawn, biscuit, etc. For full-dress summer evening toilets are elegant fabrics from Paris and Lyons of diaphanous make-gold-wrought, or in rich

to be combined with fine gold canvas and silk, or gold and silver nets dotted with pearls, turquoises, and other mock gems. The elegant Louis Quatorze coats of satin brocade in gray and gold, reseda and lilac. silver and heliotrope, etc., are finished with vests of embroidered crepe de chine. They fit like a deep bodice in the back, and they have full moderately high sleeves, finished

and delicate Persian devices and colorings.

at the neck and wrists with a rich garniture of jeweled galloon. Surplice waists of dainty hot-weather textiles are made with their front edges straight from the shoulder to the belt, edged with a real Valenciennes lace frill, and crossed at the waist line. This leaves a V space at the top, which is filled with a small chemisette of Valenciennes net, with a deep revers collar of the same, edged with lace, which is first sewed to a very narrow

standing band of the dress fabric. The hair dressed a la Recamier, much like a small "pompadour," is found very becoming beneath the new and beautiful "picture bonnets" for summer wear. This is an artistic coffure that positively demands a smooth snowy forehead, the hair coming to a decided point just at the top of the brow, and a number of airy tendrills and love-locks of hair cut purposely in hitand-miss lengths, and combed out to lightly

veil the temples. Beautiful costumes for demi-dress uses are made with sharply pointed bodice, full sleeves, and lightly draped skirts, made of exquisitely tinted silk muslins, brocaded with small roses, and foliage, daisies, carnations, etc. These gowns are always made up over silk linings, the shade of the dress. Neither ribbons nor flowers are worn with these dresses, but upon the corsage is a picturesque cape collar of Venetian lace. pointed in front as a finish to the slight V opening in the neck. There are shoulder

puffs and deep lace cuffs to correspond. Pompadour Siciliennes of delicate quality and gay colorings are shown in flowered stripes for making entire costumes with shapely coat basques, or cut in princesse form with Marie Antoinette paniers, ruches, rose pleatings, festooned laces, or in double choux, or cabbage-rose pleatings of the same fabric. These Siciliennes have stripes Said a New York merchant a few weeks on a cream ground strewn with trailing